

IT IS NOT THE WILL OF YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN.

THE CHILD AT HOME

THAT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES SHOULD PERISH.

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OUR GREAT GRANDPARENTS.

HIS picture is a very interesting one to me. I like to try to realize how people looked and dressed a hundred years ago. See the boy with his long frock-coat, knee-breeches, buckle-shoes, cocked hat, and his hair tied up with ribbons! He appears more like a small man, than a boy.

I do not know so much about a girl's dress as I do about that of a boy, but this girl looks old-fashioned to me. I think the netted mitts she wears are old, at least. They both appear happy, do they not! They are playing with the pup.

I put this picture here, so that we might all see that our great grandparents were children once. We generally see pictures of them when they were old, and we forget that they once were boys and girls.

BELL RAYMOND.

BY ETHEL DEANE.

HE was one of the gayest, wildest girls in school, Bell Raymond, with her laughing eyes and merry ways, and I do not know what sudden impulse led me to stop her in the hall, and speak to her on religious subjects. If she had seemed angry, and said some unkind thing, I should have felt more hopeful for her; but she only answered carelessly, "You are a little darling, Ethel, to try to do me good, and I know how earnest and sincere you are in it, but I am totally indifferent to such things. I don't care for the Bible; it's too stupid. Come out and have a game of croquet, will you?"

"Bell," I answered with slow emphasis, "I want you to remember that every day you stay away from Jesus, you grieve Him." "Oh, you dear little

puss," she said, stopping my lips with a kiss, "you ought to be a Methodist minister. It is such a pity you are not a man, for you would make a splendid preacher, and command a much larger salary than you ever will get teaching school." What more could I do but go to my room and pray for her?

Two weeks later, on coming in from walking one Saturday afternoon, I found upon my table a little note in Bell's dainty handwriting: "Ethel, do come to me." I went at once and found her in her room. She locked the door behind me, and demanded almost fiercely, "Why did you say that to me, that every day I stayed away from Jesus, I grieved Him? If I try to study, I see the words printed on every page; if I go out walking, the very birds echo them. Oh, why did you say it?" and she paced the room, wringing her hands. I tried to soothe her, and at last found out the secret of her agitation. The gentleman whom she was to marry a few weeks after the close of the term, was a bitter opposer of religion, and had said that if ever she became a Christian, he would break the engagement instantly. "But I can't give him up, I can't, Ethel," she said despairingly. One week passed away, during which she scarcely ate or slept. Friday evening she came to me, worn and pale, but with a beautiful light in her eyes. "He is coming to-morrow to stop an hour between trains," she said, "and I shall tell him all; but oh, Ethel, he seems doubly dear, now that I am to lose him." The next day she met him as usual, and at the close of the interview, gave him a letter telling of the great change. Five days passed slowly by; days of torturing anxiety, yet of joy untold. Then she came into my room, and with a radiant face, placed a letter in my hands. It was a frank confession that at first he had been very angry, but then had borrowed a Bible, and for three whole days examined it carefully, to see, as he said, if there was anything in religion.

God's truth struck home to his heart, and he, too, hoped he was a Christian.

"And now, dearest," he added, "we will still walk together, hand in hand, with this new hope to bring us nearer to each other, and nearer to God."

DROWNING THE SQUIRREL.

WHEN I was about six years old, one morning, going to school, a ground squirrel ran into his hole in the ground before me; they like to dig holes in some open place where they can put out their head to see if danger is near. I thought, Now I shall have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it should be full, and force the little animal to come out, so that I might kill it. I was soon pouring water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggle, and said, "Ah! my fine fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me: "Well, my boy, what have you got there?" I turned, and saw one of my neighbors, a good old man, with long, white locks.

"Well," said I, "there is a ground squirrel in here, and I am going to drown him out."

Said he: "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day just as you are, drowning a squirrel; and an old man, such as I am, came along, and said to me, 'You are a little boy; now if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come and pour water down upon you, would you not think I was cruel? God made the little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it, as it is to you. Why torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?'" He added, "I have never forgotten that and never shall. Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this as long as you live; and, when tempted to destroy any little animal or bird, to think of what I have said; God does not allow us to kill his creatures for our pleasure."

More than forty years have since passed, and I have never forgotten what the good man said, nor have I ever wantonly killed the least animal for amusement since. Now, you see it is ninety years since this advice was first given, and it has not lost its effect yet; how many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I have no doubt a great number, and I do believe my whole life has been influenced by it. — *Selected.*

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1873.

National, Christian, Unsectarian.

"HUNG!"

NEW YORK and Boston were very much excited last spring because two men were hung, one in each city. The whole land talked about it. Why were these men hung? Because they had each one killed another man, and the Bible says that if a man is so wicked as to take the life of another he must be punished in this way.

That is reason enough. It is a terrible thing to hang a man. Terrible, terrible, terrible! But what an awful thing to murder! I cannot bear to think of it. One of the commandments speaks of it, and our Saviour said that if we hate without cause we are guilty of murder, because hatred leads to murder. This is the reason why it sounds frightful to me to hear a boy or girl say, "I hate you!" Sometimes I do hear such words. If you ever have used them, I beg you not to do so again.

It is not too late to send us the names of subscribers for our papers. The National Family Almanac is still offered free to all who send fifty cents for *The Christian Banner* for one year, and subscriptions may begin with any month.

If you have not seen *Apples of Gold*, you had better send for specimens. It comes every week, and is full of pictures. A Sunday-school Superintendent in St. Peter, Minnesota, wrote to us, "Your excellent little paper is anxiously waited for every Sunday by the little folks. I wish it every success." That is what we like, to have "the little folks" anxious for it. It makes us wish to make it better and better every week.

SAVED FROM A WHIPPING.

THIS picture is very plainly not of a scene in America. What country can it be in? Let us see. Those long boots, and those warmcoats trimmed with fur, seem to be adapted for a land of cold and snow. The scene is in Russia.

The room appears to me very much like a stable, but it is not a stable. It is a place where persons are whipped for breaking laws. Did you ever hear of a "whipping post"? There used to be some in America in early times, when we were not so humane as we are now. I believe people are whipped nowadays in Russia for what are called minor offenses.

The boy in the picture was about to be whipped

for stealing. But he was not whipped, for the man from whom he stole interceded for him, and got him pardoned. That is not all, either, for he took the boy home with him, and became much interested in him, and taught him to be a good boy. The little Russian boy had never been told that it is wicked to steal.

I think it is a sign of a kind heart when a man will not only forgive one who has stolen from him, but will take him home and teach him to do better.

We all of us do so much that is evil that we need some one to intercede for us with God. There are no "minor" offenses in reality, for all sins are against God, and it cannot be a small thing to offend Him, can it?

ONE LITTLE WORD.

'Twas but a little word,
So low it could be heard
Only by one; by Heaven and one poor heart;
So subtle and so small,
The tone was half — was all;
And yet it struck and wounded like a dart.

'Twas not a foe that spake;
No enemy could break
Or bruise a spirit with so slight a thing:
'Twas deftly aimed, and fell —
Only a friend could tell
Into what sore, to rankle and to sting.



SAVED FROM A WHIPPING.

The harsh lips passed along
With careless speech and song,
And heedless laughter followed where they went:
While in that heart of pain
The word struck o'er again,
And love lay fainting, all its sweetness spent.

That little bitter word
A listening angel stirred, —
Sweet angel Meekness, with her patient brow.
She stooped and whispered low,
"The Master greets thee so,
And in thy grieving is more grieved than thou."

"This cruel test He bore,
The hate of foes, and more;
The bitter thrust, the falseness of a friend;
But on love's mission bent,
Love's sweetness was not spent;
For love's completeness is affliction's end."

The angel nearer drew;
The sore heart smiled anew,
And through her tears made to herself reply:
"I pierced Him more than this,
And love his answer is;
The Master loves through all things; thus may I."

Then Peace, with tender grace,
With Meekness took her place;
And love revived nursed by the angels' twain;
And o'er that word of ill
Whose murmur echoes still,
Sang a new song — love's sweet, triumphant strain.

E. L. E.

RIPE GRAPES.

THE grape is a favorite fruit in every land where it grows. The Jews of old time raised it on the sunny sides of the hills of Palestine. This land is still noted for its vines. A traveller, in 1846, says: "There was a vineyard on our right, and they brought us most beautiful grapes, green and purple, fresh gathered, and covered with bloom; the purple ones in close bunches of great size, and the grapes as large as plums. At daybreak they brought us fresh grapes, cold as ice, and exceedingly fine. We entered the fruitful valley of Eschol, which we found highly cultivated, and the vines in rich growth, most of them standing from five to six feet in height. The husbandmen were busily engaged, digging round and purging them, and many a withered branch lay on our wayside."

Grapes grow in vast clusters in eastern lands. We are assured that at the present day a bunch from the vines of Damascus will often weigh nearly twenty pounds; while in other places one of ten pounds is very common. And it is thought that even these are inferior to those grown in former days.

In Germany, on the banks of the Rhine, and in other lands, grapes are still cultivated, and the time of vintage is a time of joy; then may children be seen in the vineyard freely helping themselves to the sweet fruit.

Our Lord on one occasion, probably as He was passing through a vineyard, made choice of the emblem of a vine and its fruitful branches, to represent his own person and the happy union of believers with Himself. "I am the Vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." (John xv. 5.) As the branches receive all their sap and strength from the root of the vine, so Christians obtain spiritual life, comfort, and fruitfulness, from Christ alone; and by their fruits they are known.

THE ASS AND THE PIG.

BY A. L. O. E.

THERE was a gate in a certain colonel's grounds, through which an ass and a pig wished to pass. The ass wanted to go through that she might get to her foal, which had been shut up in a shed or stable. Why the pig wished to pass I cannot tell; she may have seen with her little eyes that there was a crop of turnips beyond, and have fancied to grub up a few for her dinner. Whatever the pig's reason may have been, the shut gate was certainly in her way.

Both ass and pig wished the same thing, and that thing was to get past the gate. They had, it seems, one object, but an object in which neither of them could succeed without the help of the other. The colonel, to his amusement and surprise, found the two animals, so unlike each other, yet seeming to act together. The pig pushed her strong, bristly neck underneath the lowest bar, and heaved up the gate high enough to let the ass lift the latch with her ear! Between the two they managed to open the gate. The ass could not have raised the weight; the pig could not have managed the latch. Success only followed the united efforts of the two.

Now if beasts could talk — as they do in fables — and if the colonel had been clever enough to understand their language, do you think that he would have heard between Mrs. Ass and Mrs. Pig some such conversation as this, before their united effort was made?

Mrs. Ass. — I cannot think what these tiresome gates were made for! But for this one I could get round to my foal in the stable yonder, where he and I were fed yesterday by the little ladies with hay as sweet as thistles. Oh, that I were like the colonel's hunter! I would bound over the gate in a trice!

Mrs. Pig. — Pray don't talk of bounding, Mrs. Ass; that is not in your line, still less in mine. Who ever heard of a flying leap taken by a pig? I've been trying to thrust myself under the gate, to get to the turnips yonder. I can lift it a little, as

you see—just a little, but not high enough to squeeze through.

Mrs. Ass.—No; with all your grubbing and pushing, Mrs. Pig, you will never lift the gate off its hinges; and as long as that latch holds it fast you will never get to your turnips, and I shall never get to my foal.

Mrs. Pig.—You can reach the latch, though I cannot.

Mrs. Ass.—Yes; I have managed to move it with the tip of one of my ears; but the gate is so stiff that I cannot stir it.

Mrs. Pig.—Let's try together, my friend; I'll give a heave below, while you work at the latch up above with the tip of your ear. One—two—three, and away! Ah! it moves—the gate is open!

Do you think that any such talk as this took place between the ass and the pig? I do not believe it; I am rather inclined to think that it was by accident that the two animals seemed to act so friendly a part by each other. But you and I, who have reason, may learn a lesson by the little incident as to the advantage of giving mutual kindly help, and this lesson I have put into the following song:—

MY FRIEND AND I.

Work we together
With hearty good-will;
You have the strength,
If I have the skill.
There's many a gate
One cannot undo,
What's shut to the one
May unclose to the two.

Sing we together
With harmony sweet;
With but one voice
No glee is complete;
So you take the high part,
And I'll take the low,
And sweetly together
The music will flow.

Stand we together
In trial or pain:
What might crush the one
Can be borne by the twin.
Yes; "Joys when imparted
Are sure to increase,
And griefs, when imparted,
Are hushed into peace."

FRIGHTENED BY A GOOSE.

HERE are two boys, one of whom is black, and the other white; but they are just alike in one respect. They are both frightened, and are both running away—and from what? Shall I say it? From a goose.

They have been provoking the goose. They have interfered with the goslings, they have done what they had no business to do, and I think that is why they run. I think boys who are doing right do not get frightened very easily. It is one of the promises in the Bible that those who trust in God shall "not be afraid."

I think the Bible means what it says, and am sure it means what it says in this place. But it does not promise that those who do wrong shall not be afraid. A man or a boy who does wrong is sure to be afraid all the time, and that is a part of his punishment. He is afraid he will be found out. The only safe way is to do only what is right.

SICK ON A HOLIDAY.

WELL, never mind, boy, don't take on about it; plenty of patience and water-gruel—fine things, both of 'em—and you'll soon be all right again." These were Henry Harper's parting words, and with a hop, step, and jump, he was gone.

Arthur Wells was left alone in his cottage, for his mother was gone out to work, and he had the prospect of a long, dreary morning, with no companion but his toothache. "Ah, patience, yes!" he said to himself as the door closed, "that's just the thing I want, but it don't come quite so easy as you fancy. It's all very well for you, who don't want it, to talk about it so quietly, but it is a very dif-

ferent thing for me, who have to bear the pain. And as to the water-gruel, I hate the sight of it, and so would you if you had had nothing else since Monday." And Arthur turned wearily in his chair, his grandmother's chair I think it was, brought out now for his especial benefit.

He had had the face-ache for a week, and what with want of sleep, and the fever caused by the pain, it had made him feel bad all over, he said. And what made matters worse was the fact that a holiday had been approaching, and now it was really come, and he was no better. A whole holiday, and in fine weather, and he sick and shut up! It was hard to bear, certainly.

The hedges were just showing that there was green in their dark, closely-packed-up buds. Who would have thought it a month ago? The black-bird and the thrush had been trying which could sing the loudest for ever so long, and it was just possible that in some thick holly-bush might be found—oh, wondrous delight!—a nest with the fine mottled or spotted eggs in it, which boys love, alas! too well.

The schoolmaster had promised a prize to the boy who should bring him the finest and fullest root of primroses, so that they were all scampering off to Hanger's Wood, about two miles from the village,



FRIGHTENED BY A GOOSE.

to see what was to be found; and as Arthur Wells thought of all his companions out in the free, bright sunshine, with the fresh wind blowing upon them, it seemed to make it more difficult not to be cross and fretful over his toothache. Altogether he was decidedly in the dumps.

But all at once the door opened, and one of his school-fellows came in, a boy about his own age, with a pleasant smile on his face, and an orange, a book, and a little basket in his hand.

"Well, better to-day, are you?" he asked, cheerily.

"No, very bad," replied Arthur, glumly; "no sleep last night, and 'tis enough to make a fellow worse to think of them all out enjoying themselves while I'm so sick."

"Quite true," said Jarvis Green, nodding, "and so you see I've come to sit with you while there's nobody else in the way."

Arthur's face brightened at the announcement. Yet Jarvis Green had not been a favorite chum; he was what the other boys called "too good by half," which meant that he would never say what was not true, even to get them out of a scrape; that he never would throw stones, or break down the gates by swinging on them, or do any of the numberless other tricks which boys in general call "glorious fun."

But Jarvis Green knew how to do better things

than these; he knew how to give up his own pleasure for another's sake, and this was what was taking place now. So he sat down by the sick boy, and attended to all his wants. First, he squeezed him the orange; then he put some sticks on the fire, and warmed the gruel; then he shook up his pillow, and tied up his face afresh; and, finally, he read a story book to him till he fell asleep. Then Jarvis got up softly, and took out of his basket a beautiful root of primroses, not fully out, but with just the right proportion of buds and blossoms; enough blossoms to satisfy you now, and plenty of buds to look forward to by and by. He put it, wrapped in moss, on the table before him, and pinned to it a bit of paper with this written on it: "For Arthur Wells; all a-blowing and a-growing. Please take me and see if I am not worthy of the prize." Then Jarvis Green slipped quietly away.

After awhile Arthur awoke, feeling all the better for his nice nap, and the first thing he saw was the tuft of primroses. He rubbed his eyes. Was he dreaming still? or had he been out primrosing in his sleep? It was a mystery; but by degrees the truth dawned upon him that it was Jarvis Green who had left them for him. And by and by he learned that the same Jarvis Green had got up before six, gone off by himself in the gray morning light to Hanger's Wood, grubbed up the finest root he could find, and came back straight with it to Arthur Wells's cottage, and what was more, that he meant that Arthur should have it for his own, and put in his claim to the prize.

"Well, now, if he ain't a good fellow," cried Arthur, when he thoroughly understood it all; "to think of his taking all the trouble, and giving up his own fun for me. I'll never tease him again, that's certain, but I'll stick by him through thick and thin."

And when the master looked at the long array of primroses, and heard the history of this one special root, he thought, and thought rightly, that this was a fairer flower than all the rest, because it shone with the light of love and self-forgetfulness, as well as with its own simple beauty.

So Arthur Wells won the silver sixpence after all.

I wish there were more boys like Jarvis Green. I don't know many; do you? You think it a fine thing to please yourselves, but believe me, it is a happier thing to please others. There was One who was a boy once, and who therefore knows all a boy's feelings, and he never meant to leave the boys out when he said to all, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." (Luke vi. 31.) "And not to please ourselves." (Rom. xv. 1.)

NEVER LEARNED TO KISS.

BY MRS. MARY E. WILLARD.



LITTLE girl was rescued from a cruel father, and placed in a home for the friendless. Her rags were burned, her little body bathed, her soft hair brushed and parted, and clothed in a clean white night-dress she was laid in a crib, with a kind nurse watching her slumbers.

A lady called to see her when she had been several months in her new home. She was chubby and rosy, and looked like other children when asleep. When awake she was sad and shy. "She has not learned the meaning of a kiss, or a caress, and has just begun to smile," said the matron.

The poor lamb of three years knew the meaning of a blow. She was afraid of a kick, or an oath, when any one came near, but never had been loved and kissed and hugged "on papa's lap," as the beautiful Tract Society book describes. How happy she will be when she has found out that all around her love her, and learns to put up her sweet, rosy lips for a kiss, and break out into a glad childish laugh when pleased. All this will come to her in her home among Christ's followers. She will learn to hug and kiss and frolic, as well as to pray to the dear Saviour whose death bought her happy home for her.

